Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide, Nobility.

Ho. O Jeſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweete Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, convey my truſtfull Queene;
For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Jeſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as ever I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely marvell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I have partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heaven prove a micher, and eate Blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* prove a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majeſty?

Fal A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, and as I think his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh, and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou beene this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for me, and i'le play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically both in word and matter, hang me up by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ. And heere I ſtand, judge my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from *East-cheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, i'le tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne'r looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old man, a tunne of man is thy companion; why doſt thou converſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſowlne parcell of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloake-bag of gutts, that roſted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reverent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sack and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein crafty, but in Villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt,

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pity) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is damn'd; if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poynes*, but

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